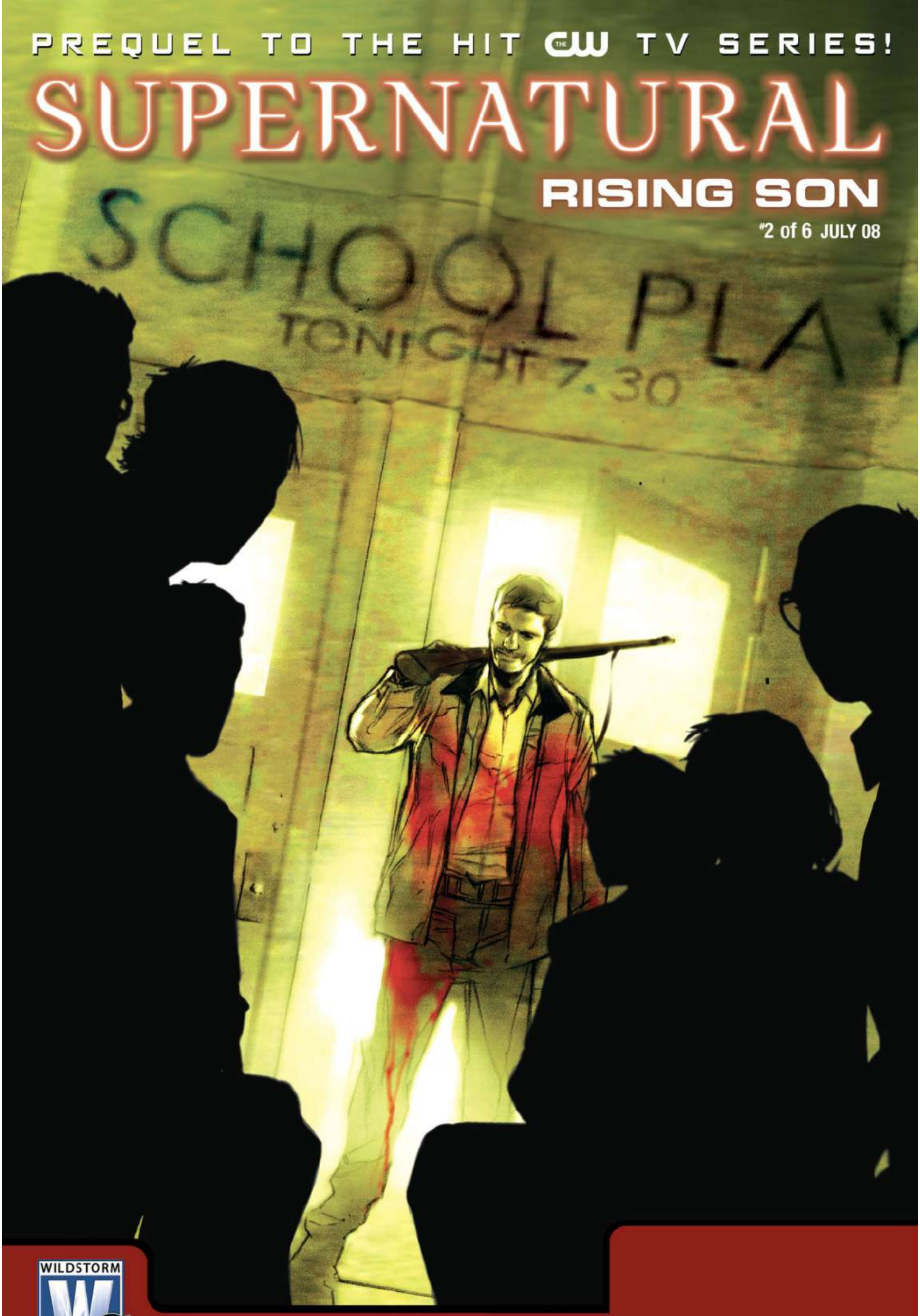
PREQUEL TO THE HIT CW TV SERIES!

SUPERNATURAL

RISING SON

#2 of 6 JULY 08



WILDSTORM

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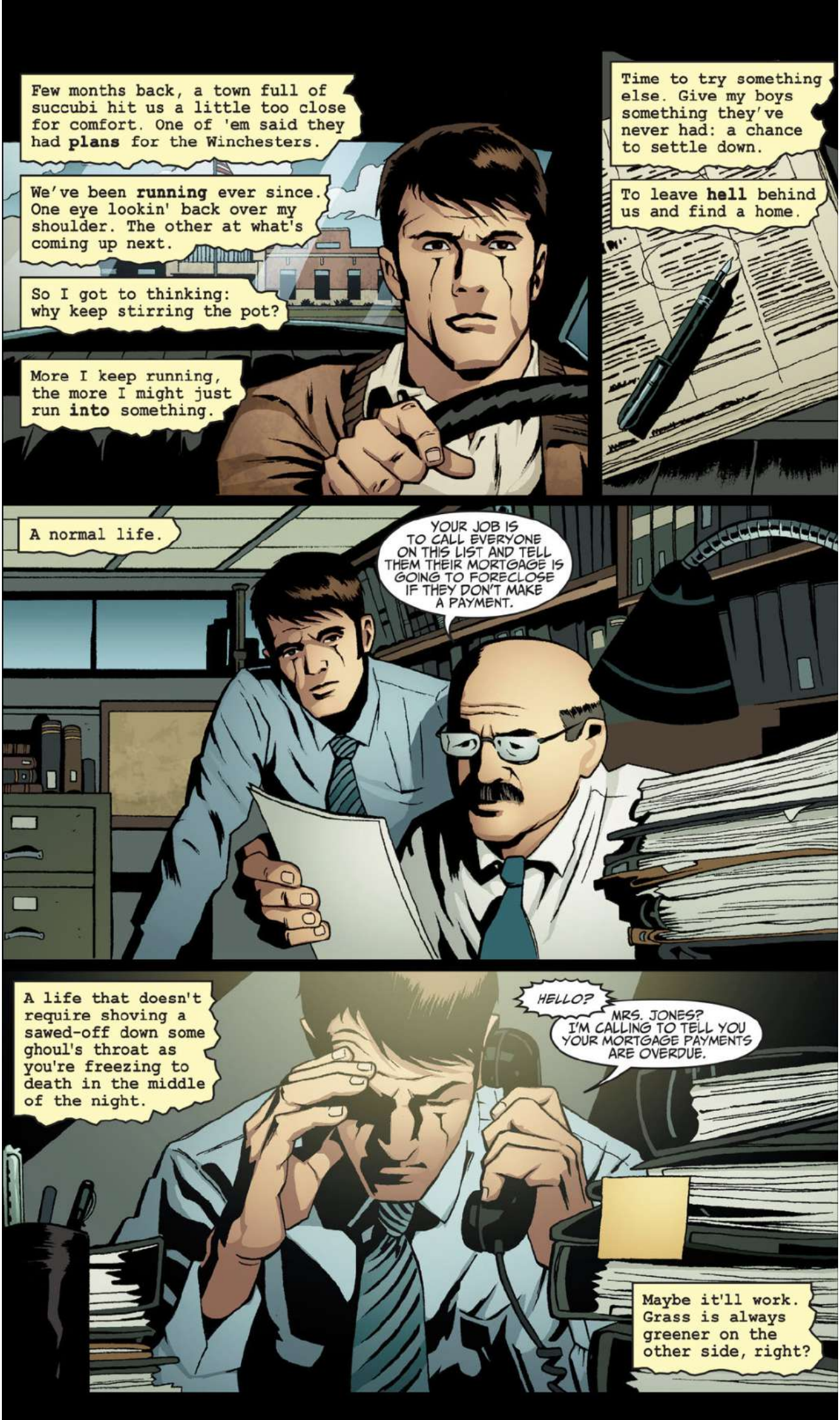
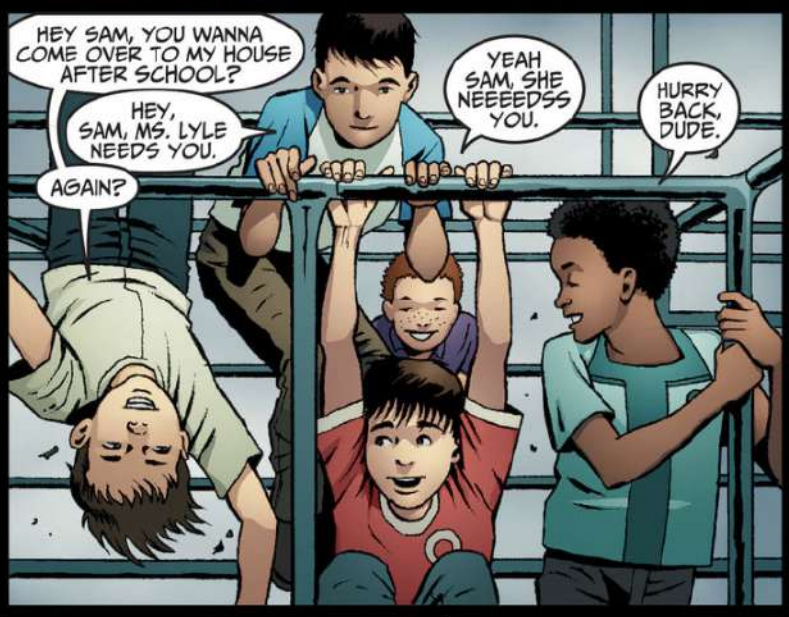
FEBRUARY 1991.
WHERE YOU BOYS FROM?
I GUESS YOU COULD SAY WE'RE FROM ALL OVER.
All over. That's a pretty loose definition. Dusty back country roads. Filthy alleyways soaked in blood. Burnt-down shacks in the middle of nowhere.
KANSAS ORIGINALLY, THOUGH.
WHEN CAN WE EXPECT THE BOYS' TRANSCRIPTS?
MIGHT TAKE A WHILE. I'VE BEEN HAVING SOME TROUBLE DEALING WITH THEIR LAST SCHOOL.
LOOK, MISTER WINCHESTER--
THEY BOTH DO WELL IN SCHOOL. THEY'RE...QUICK LEARNERS.
YOU'LL GET EVERYTHING ELSE YOU NEED AFTER WE'VE SETTLED IN FOR A BIT. I PROMISE. LET'S JUST GET THESE BOYS IN A CLASSROOM.
YOU MUST BE SAM. COME IN!
I'M MS. LYLE. WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU. LET'S FIND YOU A SEAT, SAM.


Few months back, a town full of succubi hit us a little too close for comfort. One of 'em said they had **plans** for the Winchesters.
We've been **running** ever since. One eye lookin' back over my shoulder. The other at what's coming up next.
So I got to thinking: why keep stirring the pot?
More I keep running, the more I might just run **into** something.
Time to try something else. Give my boys something they've never had: a chance to settle down.
To leave **hell** behind us and find a home.
A normal life.
YOUR JOB IS TO CALL EVERYONE ON THIS LIST AND TELL THEM THEIR MORTGAGE IS GOING TO FORECLOSE IF THEY DON'T MAKE A PAYMENT.
A life that doesn't require shoving a sawed-off down some ghoul's throat as you're freezing to death in the middle of the night.
HELLO?
MRS. JONES? I'M CALLING TO TELL YOU YOUR MORTGAGE PAYMENTS ARE OVERDUE.
Maybe it'll work. Grass is always greener on the other side, right?


HEY SAM, YOU WANNA COME OVER TO MY HOUSE AFTER SCHOOL?
HEY, SAM, MS. LYLE NEEDS YOU.
AGAIN?
YEAH SAM, SHE NEEEEDSS YOU.
HURRY BACK, DUDE.

SAM, YOU'RE DOING SO WELL IN BIOLOGY. HOW IS IT YOU KNOW ALL THE ANIMALS' SCIENTIFIC NAMES?
GUESS I KNOW A LITTLE LATIN, THAT'S ALL.

A BOY YOUR AGE? YOU'RE TURNING OUT TO BE A WONDER, SAM.
I'M REALLY GLAD YOU'RE HERE--
SAAAMMM!

WHY ARE YOU TALKING TO HER?!
SHE'S MY TEACHER, DEAN. DON'T BE A JERK.
NOBODY LIKES A KISS-ASS.
HOW COME EVERYONE'S NICE TO ME HERE BUT YOU?

HAVE FUN WITH YOUR FRIENDS, SAMMY.

ONE MONTH LATER.
DON'T FORGET TONIGHT'S THE SPRING PAGEANT. MS. LYLE SAYS I HAVE THE MOST IMPORTANT PART IN THE PLAY!
THAT'S GOOD, BUDDY. I WOULDN'T MISS IT FOR THE WORLD.
WHO CARES? YOU'RE A STUPID SUNBEAM, SAMMY.
DON'T CALL ME THAT.
YOUR ENTIRE CLASS IS IN IT. WHAT'S SO SPECIAL ABOUT YOU?
MS. LYLE SAYS I'M--
--READY FOR THE SHORT-BUS, WE ALREADY KNOW THAT.
THAT'S ENOUGH, DEAN.
WHAT ABOUT YOU? MAKING ANY FRIENDS?
WHATEVER.
DEAN, LOOK AT ME WHEN I TALK TO YOU. HOW'RE YOU DOING IN SCHOOL?
YOU ALWAYS SIT ALONE AT LUNCH, DEAN. WHY DON'T YOU TRY MAKING FRIENDS?
WE'RE NOT LIKE THE REST OF THEM, SAM. SOONER YOU REALIZE IT, THE BETTER. WE'RE FREAKS--
THAT'S ENOUGH!
MRS. IRIS LEVITAN
1332 ROSEWOOD LN.
WE'LL TALK ABOUT THIS TONIGHT, 'KAY? RIGHT NOW...
...I GOT WORK TO DO.

Every time I call this woman she hangs up. She hasn't missed a payment in thirty-five years. Now she's missed three?
KNOCK KNOCK
MRS. LEVITAN, IT'S JOHN FROM FIRST RATE MORTGAGE. I HAVE YOUR BILL HERE.
Weird. Wind's whipping around out there, but there's none here.
GUESS I'LL JUST HAVE TO LEAVE IT WITH YOU, MRS. LEVITAN.
That stench...
Horrible. Stagnant. Familiar.
GRAARRR...
GRAAARRR...
Something's got 'em going. But they don't seem to be barking at me.
Oh come on, someone's pulling my leg. 1332? Divide by two, it's 666.
1332 Rosewood Ln.
Been doing this too long. Imagination gets away from you when you're constantly looking for the signs.
Still...the stench, the dogs...
Just leave it alone, John.

HELLO?
SORRY TO BOTHER YOU, MRS. LEVITAN, BUT THE DOOR WAS OPEN. I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO--
RETAP RETSON IUQ SE NI SILEAC, RUTECIFITCNAS NEMON MUUT. TAINEVDA MUNGER MUUT. TAIF SATNULOV...
MRS. LEVITAN?
Jesus...
She's...dead.
RETAP RETSON IUQ SE NI SILEAC, RUTECIFITCNAS NEMON MUUT. TAINEVDA MUNGER MUUT. WINCHESTER. TAIF SATNULOV...
WHAT DID YOU JUST SAY?
AHH, JOHN WINCHESTER, THE SUBURBAN LIFE DOESN'T SUIT YOU! YOU LOOK FLABBY.

WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU.
Rookie mistake: stepped in here weaponless. Getting soft.
CRAACK
RIIPPP

NOT GOOD ENOUGH, JOHN. EIGHT YEARS OUT THERE AND THAT'S THE BEST YOU CAN DO?
NOT MUCH OF A ROLE MODEL FOR YOUR BOYS.
YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE TEACHING THEM, TRAINING THEM.
THEY DESERVE BETTER THAN YOU.
YOUR TIME IS OVER, JOHN WINCHESTER. YOU'RE IN THE WAY.
THUMP

Still alive.
EXORIRE, FLAMMA VITAE...
Need a weapon.
KRAK
HEY, BITCH!
This should slow the demon down a bit. Gotta finish up with an exorcism, kill the sucker for good.
Then get the hell outta this dump.

What're the odds I just **stumbled** into Albuquerque's nearest neighborhood demon?
If I'm not out there hunting trouble down, seems like it has a way of finding **me.**
Sam's play--!
Dammit. I'm late.
OH MY GOD--ARE YOU OKAY? YOU LOOK LIKE YOU NEED HELP.
I'M OKAY. OCCUPATIONAL HAZARD.
A CUSTOMER GOT A LITTLE PHYSICAL WHEN HE REFUSED TO PAY HIS BILL. SORRY I COULDN'T GET HERE--
PLEASE DON'T WORRY, MR. WINCHESTER. SAM TOLD ME YOU HAVE A DIFFICULT JOB.
THE BOYS ARE FINE, RIGHT, BOYS? AND SAM WAS WONDERFUL. BEST SUNBEAM IN THE WHOLE PLACE.
I TOOK CARE OF EVERYTHING. DON'T WORRY.
I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU.
I'LL THINK OF SOMETHING.

ONE WEEK LATER.
MS. LYLE--WHAT A PLEASURE.
CALL ME SUE.
LISTEN, THANKS FOR TAKING SUCH AN INTEREST IN SAM THESE DAYS.
TO BE HONEST, I THINK I'M ONLY SCRATCHING THE SURFACE OF HIS REAL POTENTIAL. I'D LOVE TO TALK ABOUT IT WITH YOU SOMETIME.
WHY DON'T YOU JOIN US FOR DINNER NEXT WEEK? I MAKE A MEAN MEATLOAF. ER, SUE.
SOUNDS DELICIOUS.
TWO WEEKS LATER.
AND THERE GOES THE MEATLOAF.
WELL THAT'S WHAT PIZZA'S FOR. RIGHT, SAM? MY TREAT.
SAM DOESN'T EVEN LIKE PIZZA.
SHUT UP, DEAN.
THREE WEEKS LATER.
DID YOU TELL YOUR DAD THE NEWS? SAM QUALIFIED FOR THE NEW MEXICO SCIENCE FAIR. HE WAS FIRST IN HIS CLASS FOR THE WHOLE STATE.
IS THAT RIGHT, BUDDY? GOOD FOR YOU.
IS DEAN STILL UPSTAIRS? WE SHOULD ALL BE HERE TO CELEBRATE.

DEAN? DINNER'S READY.
IN A MINUTE!
NOW, DEAN.

GLAD YOU COULD JOIN US, DEANO.
THIS IS NICE. FEELS LIKE FAMILY IN HERE.
LIKE IT SHOULD.
IT IS A FAMILY. OR AT LEAST IT WAS.
DEAN!
LET HIM GO, JOHN.
BOYS WILL BE BOYS. BESIDES, HE'S AT THAT AGE.
IT'S DIFFERENT WITH SAM, ISN'T IT? YOU'RE STILL SO YOUNG.

IT'S BEEN... SO LONG.
I'LL SHOW YOU.
JUST CLOSE YOUR EYES, JOHN.
LET ME DO THE REST.

IT'S BEEN... SO LONG.
I'LL SHOW YOU.
JUST CLOSE YOUR EYES, JOHN.
LET ME DO THE REST.

WISH I DIDN'T HAVE THIS DAMN THING AT WORK--
IT'S OKAY. THE SCIENCE FAIR IS ONLY TWO HOURS AWAY. SAM WILL DO GREAT.
WAVE GOODBYE TO DEAN, SAM.
WAIT! DAD!
WHAT IS IT, DEAN?
DON'T LET HIM GO. DON'T LET HER TAKE HIM! THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH HER.
DEAN, LISTEN TO YOURSELF. YOU'RE NOT EVEN GIVING HER A CHANCE. FRANKLY, YOU'RE NOT GIVING SAM A CHANCE EITHER.
YOU'RE WRONG.
SAM'S DIFFERENT FROM YOU. HE NEVER EVEN KNEW--
DON'T.
--KNEW WHAT IT WAS LIKE TO HAVE A HOME. MS. LYLE FEELS LIKE A LITTLE PIECE OF THAT TO HIM.
LISTEN, I KNOW ABOUT THE BAD THINGS OUT THERE. AND I KNOW WHAT YOU DO TO THEM. YOU KNOW WHY? BECAUSE YOU TRUST ME. JUST LIKE YOU TRUST ME TO WATCH OUT FOR SAM.
SO TRUST ME NOW.

"I'M SORRY, MR. WINCHESTER. SAM NEVER MADE THE BUS FOR THE SCIENCE FAIR. MS. LYLE MAY HAVE TAKEN HIM ON UP HERSELF."
She could be right. Sam might be fine. Or--
Or I could be a fool.
No choice now but to drive up there myself.
Crossroads up ahead.
Wait a sec.
RAIL CROSSING WAY
Crossroads.
And it's out there, isn't it? Faint as can be, but it's there.
That **stench.**
I know it. Smelled it before. It's there all right.
Demons use crossroads to travel to other dimensions.
She's trying to take Sam away from here. Like the **bitch** that she is.

DEAN. I'M SORRY FOR EVER DOUBTING YOU. AND YOU'RE RIGHT. I DO TRUST YOU.
NOW IT'S YOUR TURN. STAY IN THE CAR, DEAN. WHATEVER HAPPENS, WHATEVER YOU HEAR, STAY PUT. UNDERSTAND?
JOHN...
YOU'RE TOO LATE.
WE'LL BE GONE SOON, AND THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT.
BESIDES, ISN'T THIS WHAT YOU *REALLY* WANT?
I'M GIVING HIM SOMETHING BETTER, JOHN. A ***MOTHER***. IT'S WHAT HE NEEDS. WHAT HE ***DESERVES***. AND YOU KNOW IT.
YOU CAN'T HAVE A NORMAL LIFE AGAIN-- YOU'VE SEEN THAT NOW. AND THE ROAD'S TOO MUCH FOR YOU. WHAT KIND OF FATHER CAN YOU BE, IN BETWEEN TRYING TO RID THE WORLD OF EVIL?

SAM'S SPECIAL. DIFFERENT. HAVEN'T YOU NOTICED?
DON'T DENY HIM WHAT HE NEEDS BECAUSE YOU WANT HIM STUFFED IN A DIRTY CAR SEAT BY YOUR SIDE.
THAT'S SELFISH. AND STUPID.
I'M GIVING YOU WHAT YOU WANT, JOHN. JUST LET GO. YOU STILL HAVE DEAN.
IT WAS YOU BEFORE, WASN'T IT? YOU POSSESSED MRS. LEVITAN?
CLOSE, BUT NOT ME, I'M AFRAID. JUST A FRIEND WHO OFFERED TO HELP ME OUT. BUT THE POOR OLD LADY WAS SUPPOSED TO MAKE THIS EASIER FOR ME. YOU SHOULD ALREADY BE DEAD.
SO I HAD TO GET INVOLVED WITH YOU MYSELF.
BUT HEY--AT LEAST YOU GOT A GOOD TIME OUT OF IT.
I DON'T THINK YOU'VE PROPERLY EQUIPPED YOURSELF, JOHN.

COMING FOR YOU.

COMING FOR YOU.

OOOOF!
...COMING...
TIME TO LEAVE, SWEETHEART.
WHAMM

GET AWAY FROM HIM, YOU BITCH!
KRAK
UNNGHH...
HURRY UP, DAD.
COMING FOR YOU...

Gotta get--
SAM--
OOOF!
DAD. PLEASE COME BACK. PLEASE COME BACK.
PLEASE.
TRY ALL YOU WANT, JOHN. NOTHING'S GOING TO KEEP ME AWAY FROM SAM.
AT LEAST YOU HAVE DEAN, RIGHT?
DAD?
CHAPTER TWO
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TO BE CONTINUED